MID THE HILLS OF OLD MISSOURI

Alma Mater OF THE U. of M.

5

COLLEGE SONGS ARE

OLD MISSOURI
MY SON LEW
IN DEAR OLD IRELAND
THAT GAME CALLED LOVE
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH OLD MISSOUR

JUST PUBLISHED

BLIND BOONE'S GEORGIA MELON

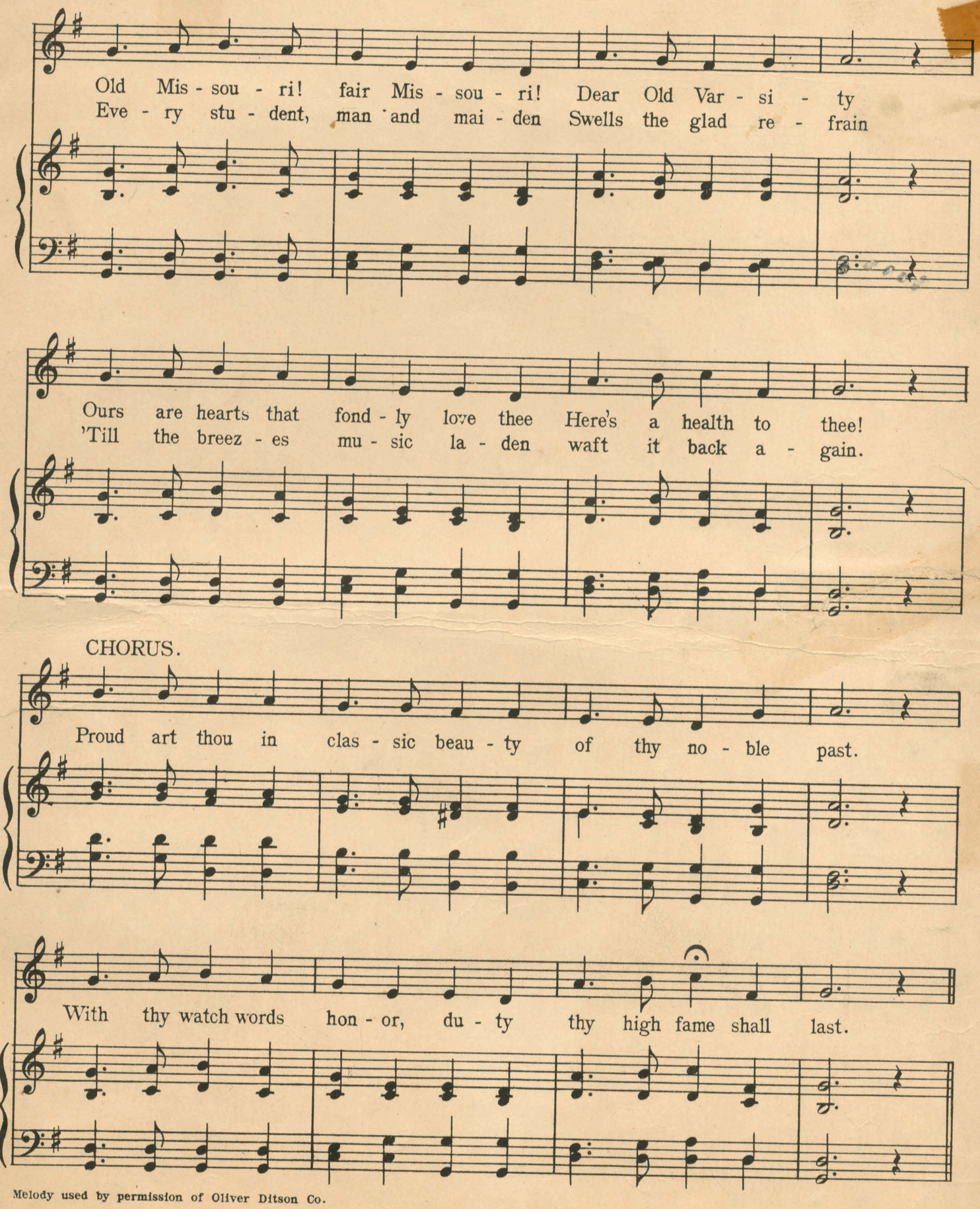
BLIND BOONE'S RAG MEDLY. No. 1

BLIND BOONE'S AURORA WALT

(PRETTIEST WALTZ EVER WRITTEN)

POSTA

Old Missouri.


Old Mis - sou - ri! fair Mis - sou - ri! Dear Old Var - si - ty
Eve - ry stu - dent, man and mai - den Swells the glad re - frain
Ours are hearts that fond - ly love thee Here's a health to thee!
'Till the breez - es mu - sic la - den waft it back a - gain.
CHORUS.
Proud art thou in clas - sic beau - ty of thy no - ble past.
With thy watch words hon - or, du - ty thy high fame shall last.

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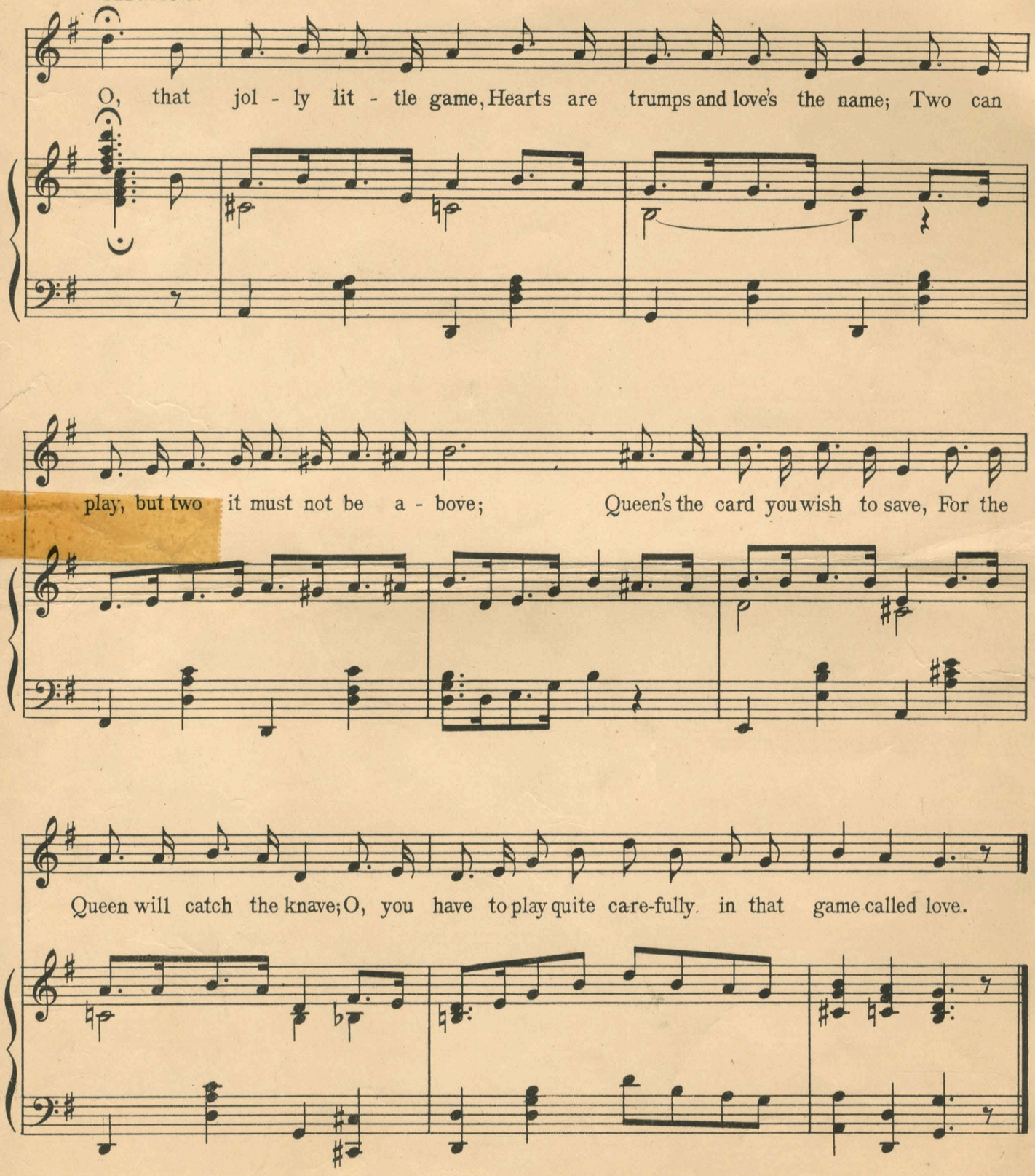
That Game Called Love.

Words and Music by THOS T. RAILEY.

CHORUS.


O, that jol - ly lit - tle game, Hearts are trumps and love's the name; Two can
play, but two it must not be a - bove; Queen's the card you wish to save, For the
Queen will catch the knave; O, you have to play quite care-fully in that game called love.

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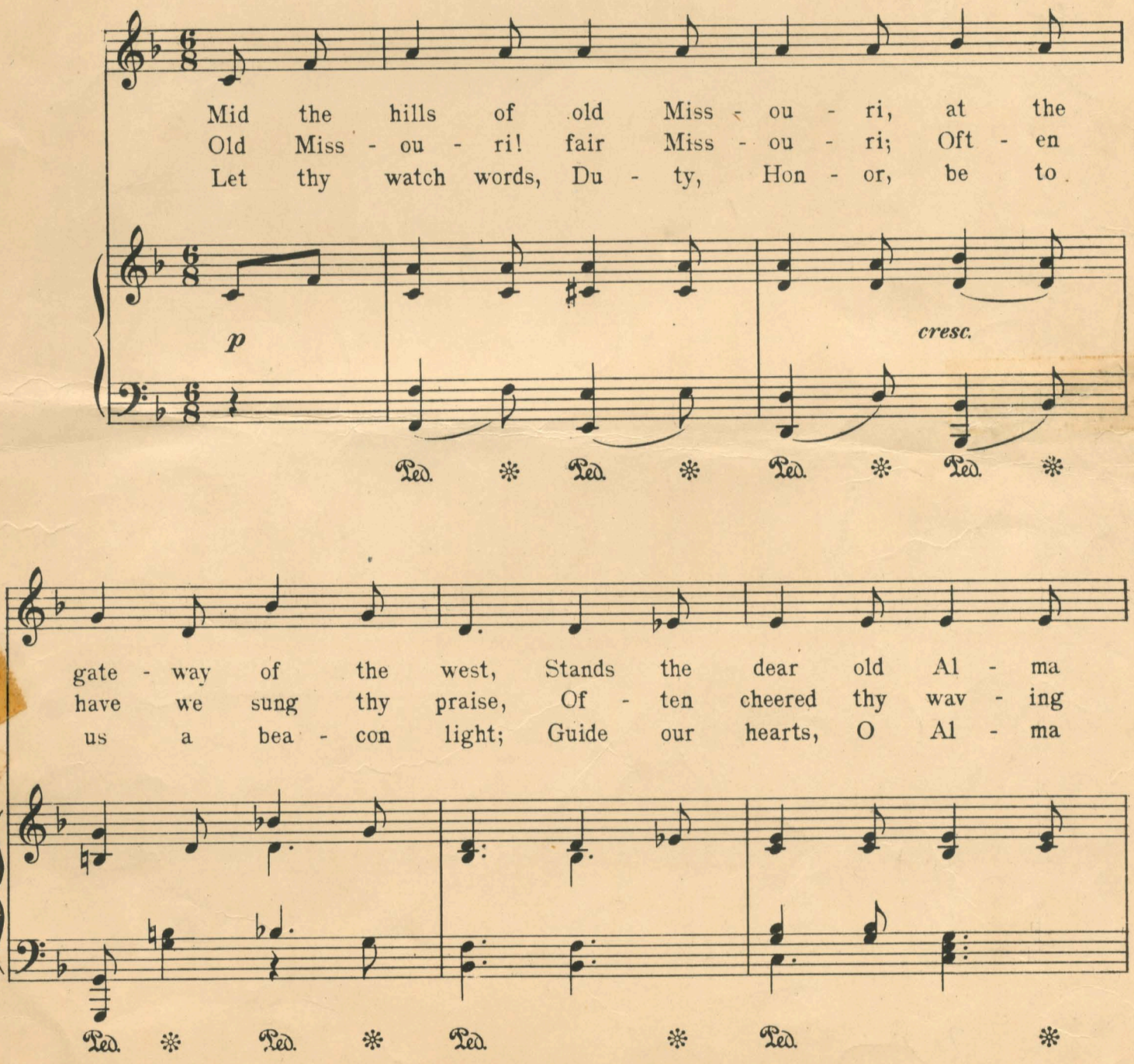
Mid the Hills of Old Missouri.

PRESTON KENDOLL.


Mid the hills of old Miss - ou - ri, at the
Old Miss - ou - ri! fair Miss - ou - ri; Oft - en
Let thy watch words, Du - ty, Hon - or, be to
p
cresc.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
gate - way of the west, Stands the dear old Al - ma
have we sung thy praise, Of - ten cheered thy wav - ing
us a bea - con light; Guide our hearts, O Al - ma
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

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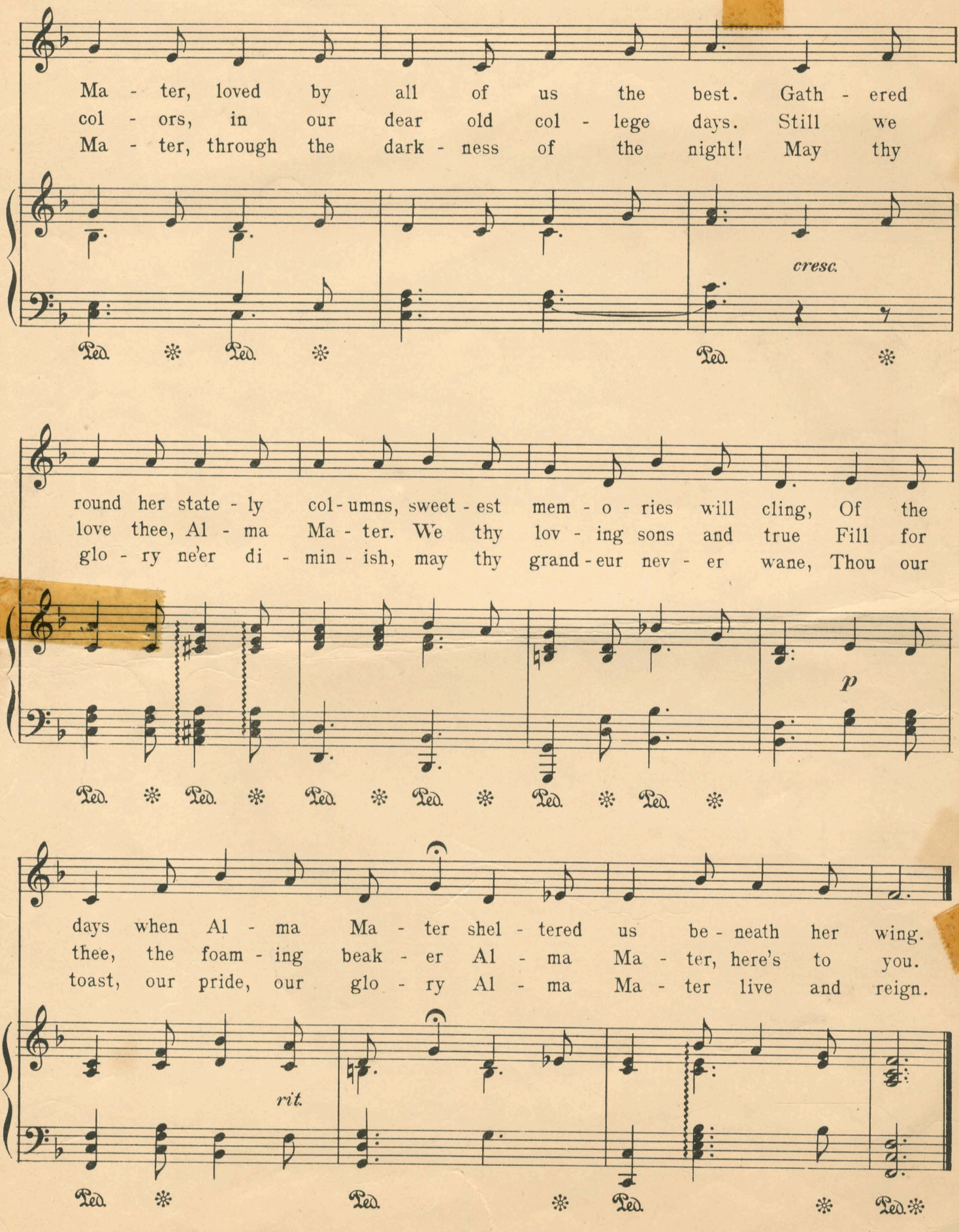
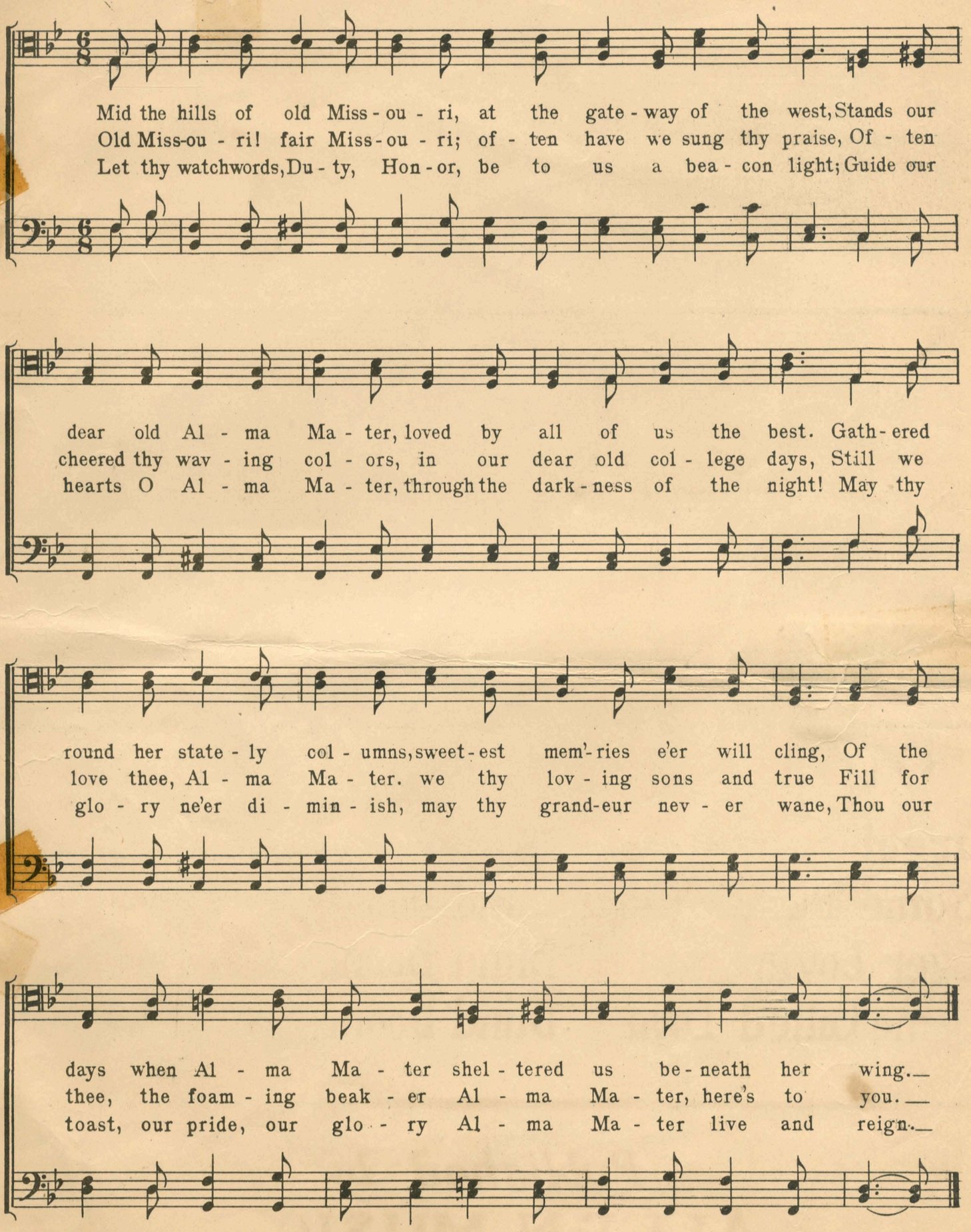

Ma - ter, loved by all of us the best. Gath - ered
col - ors, in our dear old col - lege days. Still we
Ma - ter, through the dark - ness of the night! May thy
cresc.
round her state - ly col - umns, sweet - est mem - o - ries will cling, Of the
love thee, Al - ma Ma - ter. We thy lov - ing sons and true Fill for
glo - ry ne'er di - min - ish, may thy grand - eur nev - er wane, Thou our
p
days when Al - ma Ma - ter shel - tered us be - neath her wing.
thee, the foam - ing beak - er Al - ma Ma - ter, here's to you.
toast, our pride, our glo - ry Al - ma Ma - ter live and reign.
rit.

MALE QUARTETTE.


Mid the hills of old Miss-ou-ri, at the gate-way of the west, Stands our
Old Miss-ou-ri! fair Miss-ou-ri; of-ten have we sung thy praise, Of-ten
Let thy watchwords, Du-ty, Hon-or, be to us a bea-con light; Guide our
dear old Al-ma Ma-ter, loved by all of us the best. Gath-ered
cheered thy wav-ing col-ors, in our dear old col-lege days, Still we
hearts O Al-ma Ma-ter, through the dark-ness of the night! May thy
round her state-ly col-umns, sweet-est mem'-ries e'er will cling, Of the
love thee, Al-ma Ma-ter. we thy lov-ing sons and true Fill for
glo-ry ne'er di-min-ish, may thy grand-eur nev-er wane, Thou our
days when Al-ma Ma-ter shel-tered us be-neath her wing.
thee, the foam-ing beak-er Al-ma Ma-ter, here's to you.
toast, our pride, our glo-ry Al-ma Ma-ter live and reign.

MID THE HILLS OF OLD MISSOURI

ALMA MATER OF THE U. of M.

U. of M. QUARTET SONGS

CONTAINING

Germany Land
Dear Old Pals
I've been Working on the Railroad

OTHER UNIVERSITY SONGS

Whats the matter with old Missou
My Son Lou, or Higher Education
In Dear Old Ireland

LAST DREAM WALTZ

A BEAUTIFUL WALTZ
as played by the
UNIVERSITY B

OTHER POPULAR S ESSES

Great Scott Rag	Blind Boone	rora Waltz
Some Pumpkins	Blind Boone	g Medley No. 1
Ever Loving Kid	Blind Boone's	Rag Medley No. 2
Game Called Love	Blind Boon	eorgia Melon Song

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